THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

No. 2. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

LORD PALMERSTON, being then Prime Minister, died "in harness" in October, 1865. Lady Palmerston, whose unlooked-for death, after a very brief illness, took place on Saturday last, may equally be said to have lived up to that date "in harness" of some sort or other. Nor is this the only point of resemblance. If Lord Palmerston's public career was long, brilliant, and versatile, that of his wife, who loved him so well, and helped him so indefatigably, displayed at least an equal degree of length, of brilliance, and of versatility. Amelia Lamb, daughter of the first Lord Melbourne, came within a *quasi*-public view when she married Lord Cowper, and shone as one of the brightest among the "galaxy of beauties" which illuminated the Court of the not-yet-old Regent in 1805. When peace was proclaimed, and Parisian fashions and customs were enabled to cross the Channel, the members of the Great World in England began to dance. Then was "Almack's" established, with Lady Cowper as one of the six patronesses. It was a position not only of eminence, but of responsibility; for in default of a Queen, "Almack's" became an institution through whose agency young *débûtantes* obtained that *entrée* into high society which is now afforded them by a presentation at Court. A few years later, when the prospects of the Whigs improved, when a Whig Administration was actually formed and the Reform Act passed, Lady Cowper began to play a leading part in the political world, giving useful advice to her brother, Lord Melbourne, and aiding him both in and out of office with all the influences derived from her vast social popularity. This influence was increased and intensified when, after the death of Lord Cowper, his widow, in 1839, married Lord Palmerston. In spite of their restricted means, Lady Palmerston, by the force of what amounted to genius, made her "parties" the most distinguished in London, a *réunion* of all that was best and brightest and gayest in the (Whig) political, the literary, or the fashionable world. Lord Melbourne, at his death, left his sister heiress to Brocket Hall and other extensive property. The single obstacle—lack of fortune—being removed, the Cambridge House "parties" were established, and became as completely a political institution as Almack's had been a fashionable one forty years before. This lasted until 1865, when Lord Palmerston died, and Lady Palmerston retired into comparatively private life, having lived a more or less public life for sixty years!

Lord Palmerston was famous for his incessant energy and the enormous amount of work he got through. According to the *Times*, Lady Palmerston fairly rivalled her husband in this respect also. We are told that "she undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property, personally inspecting the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants but what fell strictly within their respective departments." She also kept a journal; and her "visiting book" was kept with all the regularity of a merchant's ledger. "So long as her health allowed, she made a point of filling up her cards with her own hand, and knew exactly whom she had invited for each of her alternate nights." To Lord Palmerston in his official career her co-operation was invaluable. She was his true "helpmate"; not helping by doing his work, as is too often the wont of "clever women"—and such help is always unsatisfactory, and sometimes injurious—but by doing other work which he could not do, and which contributed to accomplish the object they both desired. Lady Palmerston was to her lord like the segment which could not otherwise be supplied, and without which the circle of their common success must have remained incomplete.

Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, the Bishop of a Western diocess, who had achieved notoriety and promotion more through his political than his theological performances, passed through a very serious attack of illness. By great care, skilful treatment, and the blessing of Providence, his lordship recovered health, and, as his excellent doctor assured him, required nothing more than to recover strength, for which end the best means would be furnished by a generous and stimulating diet. Among other prescriptions on this point, the M.D. suggested moderate doses, once or twice a day, of brandy-and-water. The bishop would not hear of it. Though not an absolute teetotaler, he never drank spirits of any sort, and never could or would on any account.

"But in this case," urged the physician, "it is only taken as a medicine, and under medical advice."

"Call it what you like, it is brandy, and nothing else, and I can't drink it—it is a question of principle."

"Ah! if you look on it as a matter of principle I have not a word to say—but can only remind your lordship that Lord John Russell is our present Prime Minister."

"Doctor, doctor, I had quite forgotten it. Do what you like with me. I'll take anything; I'll take brandy—bottles, if you please; I put myself entirely in your hands."

The bishop recovered his strength, and has enjoyed health ever since, whether by a judicious use of the brandy-and-water prescription or otherwise we have no means of knowing. Since then he has seen his seventieth year, and his eightieth year, and his ninetieth. He has also seen Lord John Russell, and many succeeding Prime Ministers come and go, while he lives, as if he would live on for ever, without affording any one of them the chance of nominating a successor to his see.

We now learn, however, that the bishop, if he has not already sent in his resignation, has at any rate expressed his intention to resign when the necessary formalities can be completed under the Act passed last session. This step, we are bound to say, has not been taken a day too soon. The condition of the diocese in question has long been a heavy scandal to the Church of England. And as the disestablishment of the Irish Church will speedily lead to attacks from more than one quarter against the English Establishments—attacks which, in the first instance, will be directed against the Episcopate—it was certainly high time that the assailants should be rendered unable to draw sinister inferences from the fact that the extensive and populous diocese of Exeter seemed to get along tolerably well, year after year, though left practically bishopless.

A contested election for the "Kingship" of the City of London is an event of very rare occurrence. It can only happen under special circumstances—nay under a combination of special circumstances. For one of these circumstances, the senior "Alderman who has not passed the chair" must be somehow disqualified; otherwise to succeed to the Mayoralty as a matter of routine. Then, granted this "condition precedent," there must be some person by whom the election of the next in succession—that is, the next in seniority among the non-passed aldermen—is contested, and of some cause which attracts to the rival candidate sufficient support to make the contest really serious. Just now all these special circumstances present themselves in due combination. The senior Alderman, Mr. Dakin, who would have become Lord Mayor by prescriptive right, declines the honour on the plea of ill health. Alderman Besley, who stands second, urges his claim, to which no personal objection can be urged. But next year is an exceptional year. In the coming Session it is well understood that a great fight will be fought over some measures of reform for the City of London Corporation. With this conflict in prospect it is considered expedient that the "City" should place its best champion in the foreground; and as Lord Mayor Lawrence is not only a Member of Parliament, but, being a man of ability, has already made his "mark" in the House, active measures are being taken to have him chosen for a second year of office.

So the battle is set in array. The contest will, it is said, be a very near one, and will certainly cost a great deal of money. Why it should prove so expensive does not appear on the surface, since nobody could suspect for a moment that direct bribery could be practised in the case of so respectable, and in some cases "worthy" a constituency as will have to give its vote on this occasion. Yet, somehow, everything done in the City by the citizens thereof does come enormously expensive. It is a way they have. They possibly can't help it, and, indeed, seem to like it, and be proud of it even when the money comes out of their private pockets. For the issue we cannot profess to feel much interest. If Besley is elected we doubt not that he will make a reputable Lord Mayor, *comme un autre;* and we are sure, from experience, that we may say ditto of Lawrence. Our only feeling upon the question arises from our general inclination to see the best man win; and as, with the coming debates in view, Lawrence appears to be, under existing circumstances, the best man, we rather wish him to win of the two. Not that it matters much.

Long and sad narratives of the destructive consequences of the late gale have day by day filled many newspaper columns during the bygone week. For violence, for destructiveness, and for duration, the gale has been almost, if not quite, unprecedented at this season of the year. Much damage has been sustained inland, while along the south and south-west coasts for several hundred miles the shore is described as being literally strewn with wrecks. In the face of this calamity it is some satisfaction to know that the loss has been chiefly one of property, that, so far as is yet ascertained, comparatively few lives have been sacrificed, and that almost everywhere the lifeboats, with their hardy and devoted crews, have been ready, and prompt, and successful in rendering service to vessels in distress. Among other losses, aquatic "sportsmen" will regret the loss of the yacht "Volante," owned and sailed by Mr. Maudsley, which has for some years past taken part in most of the Isle of Wight regattas. The "Volante" was caught in the gale late on Saturday night and driven upon Ryde sands, where she now lies a total wreck. Mr. and Mrs. Maudsley were on board at the time, and were, with the crew of three hands, rescued by the Ryde lifeboat. After this performance it is rather curious to remember that when Mr. Hans Busk presented the lifeboat to the town of Ryde many of the townspeople disparaged the gift, concluding that Ryde, with its landlocked waters, could never, by any possibility, *want* a lifeboat.

Great events, as we are often reminded, from trivial causes spring. Henri IV. won Paris by a mass. The sovereignty of Persia, according to the old legend, turned upon the neighing of a horse. And now the letter from India invites us

to anticipate most momentous consequences from the fact that a native prince has actually danced. The Maharajah of Jeypore lately gave a splendid entertainment, ending with a ball, to the Governor-General. Other Indian potentates have done as much for Lord Mayo's predecessor's in the Viceroyalty, but they always called in the "nantch girls" for the dancing part of the affair, while in this case the Maharajah himself opened the ball by walking through a quadrille with Lady Mayo. His Highness had previously, we are told, spent a week in learning the steps, and he took ten minutes in getting on his kid gloves, but he went through the "figures" very creditably, and much to the admiration of the distinguished company, who gathered round with eager curiosity to witness so novel a performance. And this, we are assured, is like the breaking up of the ice. It signifies that the environment of pride, and prejudice, and superstition with which the higher rank of India, whether Hindoo or Mussulman have been begirt, is melting away before the rays of European enlightenment—that India is, in fact, now ripe for the change by which it will become Christianised, and civilised, and Anglicised without more ado. That such a change may come, and one day will come, we are ready to believe; but that it will arrive immediately as a consequent upon the Maharajah of Jeypore's quadrille, is much too good to be true.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, 16th September, 1869.

THAT the health of the Emperor has very much improved this last week there cannot be the slightest doubt, or that His Majesty's convalescence will be long retarded. The visit to the Camp at Chalons has been abandoned, and a trip to Biarritz or the South substituted for the usual festivities of Compiègne. The latter may not be relinquished altogether, but postponed till a later period than usual. Nothing has yet been decided relative to the Empress's projected visit to Egypt, all the preparations for her departure having been made, and everything in perfect readiness that could add to the comfort of Her Majesty and the Prince Imperial during their voyage, the final order for which awaits but the Emperor's decision.

On Tuesday General Prim was received by the Emperor, and was closeted some time with His Majesty. The Emperor has also been occupied with preparing for the press the last volumes of *La Vie de César*, which will shortly appear.

Yesterday Lord Clarendon went to St. Cloud, and had a long interview with His Majesty.

The new title of the Prince Imperial is to be King of Algeria—Prince of Corsica (which had been proposed) being considered derogatory, the first Napoleon's son having been King of Rome.

Prince Napoleon has started on a short yachting excursion, and the Princess Mathilde, his sister, has a house full of visitors, and is enjoying the pleasures of her beautiful country seat. The name of the Princess recalls a rather good story of her first ball under the Empire, when the Groom of the Chambers who had been, during the short-lived Republic, taught to drop or curtail all titles as much as possible, threw open the doors, and announced the Prince Pozzo di Borgo as "*Monsieur, le maître de la poste de Bordeaux.*"

Talking of the early days of the Empire reminds one of the *mot* of that wittiest of Presidents of the Chambers, Baron Dupin—who on hearing of the edict for the confiscation of the Orleans property, remarked, "C'est le premier *vol* de l'aigle,"—and Mocquard's rejoinder, not so good, when an enthusiastic Orleanist repeated to him the joke, complaining at the same time that the edict was a robbery, and had left the princes absolutely nothing—"Eh bien," said Mocquard, "at all events you have your *croûte de pain* (Dupin)."

La Parvenue, the new comedy by M. Rivière at La Française, is pronounced a failure.

The fascinating and clever Grande Duchesse being remonstrated with by a jealous admirer of her beauty and talents, for accepting the attentions of a swarthy prince of Egypt, wittily replies—"Mais, que voulez-vous? Je suis en deuil."

The Marquis of Hertford is better, though still very unwell, according to the latest inquiries. It was rather hard the fathering upon him the uncourteous reply of an English nobleman to a late celebrated Jewish financier, when addressed—"Eh bien, Marquis, comment ça va?"—"Va? Bien!" and, in a lower key to a friend—"Voila le plus grand cochon au monde—et il n'aime pas le porc même."

A new paper, to be edited by Aurelian Scholl, and called the *Lorgnon*, is announced. It is to be hoped that Aurelian will not reverse his *lorgnettes*, but view affairs at this moment *à plein terre*, for never was there a greater blank than at this moment *sur boulevard, Bois, ou café*." Something between *La Gaulois* and *La Lanterne* may be expected.

Three well-known characters are no more—General Damas (Governor of the Palais du Luxembourg), late aide-de-camp to Prince Jerome; Monsieur le Duc de Rohan, the representative of that illustrious family; and Madame Godoy, widow of the celebrated "Prince of Peace." Madame Godoy was burnt to death by an accident at the extreme age of ninety-three.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.*

AMONG many clever and pointed sayings to be found in Mr. M'Carthy's volumes there is one which appears to us of peculiar shrewdness. It is to the effect that the character of a woman can be best, or, at all events, most speedily, determined from the *questions* she asks. "Never mind the answers a girl gives. I don't; they're no test. Some girls will know by the mere expression of your face, if they haven't been even listening to a word, what kind of answer they ought to give. But the questions—if they venture upon questions—that's the real test. You can't mistake if you have a question asked. You know at once how far she has gone with you, and how far she is able to go." With a necessary difference the same analytical process may be applied to novels. Their quality may be judged, not, indeed, by the questions they ask, but by the questions they suggest. In the higher class of fiction these questions relate solely to the story itself—its characters, its combinations, its *dénouement*. How is this mystery to be solved? How is this *imbroglio* to be disentangled? How can the heroine be rescued from her desperate dilemma, or the hero clear away that fatal blot on his character or his pedigree? And so on. At the other end of the scale are too many novels which suggest only to the reader who has reached the middle of the second volume the query, how on earth is the author—or authoress, as the case may be—to find stuff enough to fill the 400 and odd remaining pages which he (or she) is bound to supply?

Between these extremes, and comprising probably a majority of the "novels of the season," is a class which present no plot to speak of, but at the same time display no poverty. We cannot feel any interest in the unravelment of the author's story, but we feel no doubt of his resources. These may be called the "novels of incident," and as we pass on from chapter to chapter, the simple question that occurs to us is the celebrated Cobdenian query—What next—and next?

In this class *My Enemy's Daughter* is entitled to rank high. It has plenty of incident, sufficiently exciting, without resorting to any tricks of the sensationalist school. The dialogue is generally good, and sometimes smart. There are some descriptive passages of considerable merit, and when the author speaks in his own person—as the story is told in the auto-biographical form—his moralising and *obiter dicta* in general are fairly *apropos* and not too prosy. The narrative chiefly follows the fortunes of three persons, who are introduced to us in very early life and very humble circumstances as denizens of some seaport village somewhere on the northern coasts of England. They are two boys and a girl, and their original association is that of singing together in the choir of the parish church. One of them, who as narrator demands the first place, is Emmanuel Temple Bank, son of a boat-builder in the place; but his father dying early, and leaving no assets, the son has thought himself lucky to obtain a situation as clerk to a solicitor in the town. He has, however, a passion for music and a fine tenor voice, which enables him to eke out his income by singing in the choir. The girl is Christina Braun. Her father, a German emigrant, has tried to make a livelihood as teacher of languages, as toy-maker, as musician, and in other capacities, and failed in all. Finally, he had drifted into the out-of-the-way seaside place, where his daughter, scarcely yet out of girlhood, contrives to support the whole establishment. The description of this old German gentleman—for such he really was—his guilelessness, his helplessness, his cheerful acceptance of every fate, his implicit obedience to Christina's injunctions, is one of the best things in the book. Christina has a magnificent voice, which she turns to account by singing on Sundays in the church choir, and on some week-day evenings at the Cave of Harmony, a sort of aquatic imitation of the London music-hall. Both Emmanuel and Christina are inspired by a great love for art—that is musical. But the difference between them is that while one loves his Art as the means to an end—as a mere bread or fame winner, in fact—the other cherishes her Art for its own sake. The third in the juvenile trio is Edward Lambert, a young carpenter, who sings a fine bass, but sticks to his carpentering, is very clever at wood-carving, and is also an artist in his own way.

As the young people grow up various changes occur, and new powers come into play. Both the young men fall in love with Christina, and as a necessary consequence come to loggerheads between themselves; and this in no metaphorical slang-changing way, but with regular fisticuffs, in which optics are darkened and claret drawn. Ultimately, Christina refuses the carpenter point blank, and he thereupon goes off to London to seek his fortune. Thereafter, for a time it is arranged that Christina and Emmanuel are to marry and join their humble fortunes. But her father also dies, and one morning Emmanuel finds that his *fiancée*, yielding to the beckoning call of fate or ambition, has suddenly taken flight to London. Thither he follows her, of course in vain. But all three have escaped into the sphere of the great world, where we need not further pursue the tangled skein of their adventures.

The chief fault of *My Enemy's Daughter* is, as we have said, the want of a backbone. But this is shared by so many contemporaries that the author, whose sin in this respect is comparatively venial, may well shelter himself from censure amidst the multitude of sinners.

* By Justin M Carthy. Tinsley Brothers.

THE VICAR'S COURTSHIP.*

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE has written so much and so well about courtship and Vicars—not to mention Archdeacons, Deans, Bishops, and other canonical dignitaries—that every successor in the same field can appear but as a gleaner after the harvest. With everything, therefore, in Mr. Thornbury's novel which relates to clerical characters, or controversies, or connubialities, we will say nothing. And when we add that the "plot" is "involved," our readers will, we are convinced, concur in believing that we have said quite enough on that point. But if the reader looks chiefly for "incident," he will not be disappointed. There is plenty of love-making and some jealousy, and a little murder and felony, and a good deal of debt and its attendant difficulties. There is also an infusion of sport. The author's knowledge of, and mode of dealing with, that subject may be "handicapped" by a couple of specimen performances. He tells us, in ample detail, how a crack horse named "Immenschikoff" was entered for one of the great events, was selected by all the "tips" as a safe winner, if the race was only run "on the square." The owner of Immenschikoff not only intended him to run on the square, but had backed him for an amount which involved fortune or ruin, according to the results of the race. But the favourite has been "got at" and "doctored" in such a wonderful way that when he comes to the post, neither the owner, nor the trainer, nor the jockey, nor even Immenschikoff himself, has the remotest idea that there is anything wrong. So the horses start: the favourite has it all his own way, distancing all competitors, and arriving within thirty yards of the winning-post, several lengths ahead of the second, when he suddenly falls down DEAD (the small caps are the author's)

from the subtle effects of the poison. As a second specimen, the author supplies a list of the betting rates upon another event. He arranges his series of odds in most inartistical fashion, but placed in proper order they stand thus:—"Betting, 33 to 1 on Champagne; 8 to 1 on Spitfire; 7 to 2 on Baronet; 20 to 1 on the field.

* By Walter Thornbury. Hurst and Blackett.

SNIFFS FROM THE BRINY.

LIKE a ship upon the sea,
Steers through life our little craft,
Danger ever on our lee,
Starboard, larboard, fore and aft.

Let a tiny leak be sprung,
Let a gust offend our sails,
And plump we are among
The tittlebats and whales.

Though the breeze may now blow soft,
Though the tide may gently flow,
Keep a good look out aloft,
And mind your helm—or down you go.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Table Bay.

(To whom it is requested that no communications will be addressed.)

A WEFT.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

"I am but a *gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

NO! you are altogether "at sea" in your conjectures. I have not been to the moors; "it would not run to it." Neither have I trod on the skirts of Her Majesty in her visit to the Trossachs; nor have I sailed, or rowed, in the wake of the Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice on Loch Venachar; neither has curiosity tempted me to leave a card with the Duncraggan mountain (of flesh) Mrs. Ferguson; nor have I as yet visited the stubbles. October is *my* month, because the cover is better, the birds more matured, and should a long-tailed spangle-breasted rascal rise "on whirring wings" from some hedgerow, death *might*, in thunder, overtake his flight, without fear of the gun being fined by the local "beaks." I have not been to Lucerne; nor is it true that I have formed one of a party to make a trigonometrical survey of Palmyra; neither have I penetrated the Holy Land, and made a pilgrimage to Mount Calvary. I have not made a trip to Cairo to take the altitude, or measure the base, of a pyramid; I have not climbed Vesuvius in the midst of a calamitous eruption; I have not dug like a "navvy" underground, in the ruins of Herculaneum; neither have I joined a certain band of brothers—a virtuosi clique—who, whilst "walking in the Zoo'," pretend that they are in search of a new *Zoophyte*, or species of the *Polype*, and that in their loose loiterings they *alone* have a special mission to determine the *analysis of beauty!*

Since that charming July gathering at Middle Park, when the "beauties" were dispersed, and when, after a *recherché* refreshment, seasoned with gossip, sparkling as the wine, I bathed again in the nectar (not handed to me by some other mythological Hebe, but by some "shining light," that "guide, friend, and philosopher," the genial, radiant "Beacon," as he reclined with his satellites beneath a Lebanon cedar), I have been comparatively a recluse; and during these tropical days I have sighed for the shade of the leaf which sheltered the head of the ungrateful Jonah. But I have not been altogether idle, for I have found transient solace in flying a kite, and a paper one, too. Start not, you sensitive lot! I do not mean that *peculiar* bird of prey (flown by the aid of those keen falconers, "The Spider," "Harry-on-the-Hill," Moses, Mordecai, Isaac of York, or the rest of the circumcised and uncircumcised tribe) which hovers for a *limited-liability*-time over its victim, fascinates with the hope of a *renewed* existence, and then returns to the "lure"! *My* kite was one of fancy; lifted by imagination on the wings of Fame; towering, like Horace's swan; or borne like a blazing star among the clouds, to the admiration of a gaping multitude. For, conceal it as he may from his fellows, there is in every author or scribbler an inherent vanity:—

"And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper."

My kite an enigma? Certainly not! It is an allegory! Dull reader, come hither, and "let me whisper i' your lug."

It was on the eve of the birth of a sparkling little journal, with a sensational title, tinted paper, with eight pages of clear, readable type, that Dick Elder (the younger) looked in to try the superiority of a real "Broseley," made of the fine white clays from Barnstaple and Cornwall, over the common "chalk formations" in and about London. I have often gleaned the character of a man from his style of smoking. We say, such and such a man handles the "ribbons" well; of W. G. G., he can handle the "willow;" but Dick handled a pipe with exquisite grace; and as for filling, it exactly resembled our favourite ringdove picking up millet. When Dick left, it wanted 12 minutes to "that hour, o' night's black arch the keystane"; and as the old presentation-rummer (with its border of hops and barley, and the "Tickel" plough, with the Burns' motto, "God send you speed") was three parts full of the real malt toddy, and inasmuch as the household was at rest, and nothing to be heard save the lonely chirp of the cricket as he hunted for the crumbs which a friendly hand had scattered on the kitchen hearth, I felt impelled by a resistless desire to try how *just one* of those magnificent weeds—which I obtained, through great courtesy, at a nominal price—would taste in such seclusion.

The brand was, I am certain, "FLOR de ARRIGUNAGA HABANA," and the particulars in detail, or "puff," ran thus:—FABRICA de TABACOS—purosy-cigarros de papel de FERNANDO de ARRIGUNAGA—premiado en las esposiciones universales de Oporto en 1865 y de Paris en 1867." Malevolence might be inclined to paraphrase Burns and say—

"The *Clapham* yill had made you canty,
You werena fou, but just had plenty."

But solemnly I affirm that it was under the direct influence of the most delicious fumes that I flew my kite. I thought I was destined to *drive* an *opposition* whose mission was to "hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very Age and Body of the Time his form and pressure."

The den in which I was expected to work alternately from morn to night, and from night to morn, as hard as a galley-slave—

("Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit;
For who to starve can patiently submit?")—

seemed to me to be in the vicinity of Covent Garden, that region of gallantry, wit, and criticism in the days of Addison, Steele, Pope, Bickerstaff, &c., where, at Button's, jokes and *bon mots* flew from box to box, and every branch of literature was critically examined. At the Bedford (50 yards from my "den") every variety of character was to be met with—the polite scholar and wit, who weighed and determined every production of the Press, or performance at the theatres; a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, and a musician; a casuist, a moralist, a theologist, a mythologist, or any other ist—but an atheist. In a turbulent sea (Lawson's black sea) I launched my little bark, and took the helm with as much confidence as the coxswain of the "Oxford four." The compass pointed to lofty towers founded upon rocks, and situated in the Isle of Fame. We sailed with a fair wind on the main sea, but on the day after we had weighed anchor we had to encounter storms, tempests, and hurricanes,—and in the eddies and dangerous straits of criticism and public opinion it was all I could do to prevent our little craft from foundering "with all hands." But as I got into the middle of the "Flor de Arrigunaga" the glasses of fancy seemed to take a wider field.

Many vessels appeared to overset by crowding too much sail; others foundered by carrying too much ballast; whilst others, through contrary squalls, scarce lived to be a "nine-days' wonder"! But I could most distinctly see, in a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, the gilded yacht, and the attendant pleasure boat (with its silver oars), of the classic AMPHION, gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing rivulets of Rhyme; the sails gently swelled with soft breezes, and the amorous sighs of shepherds and shepherdesses reclining on the banks; whilst little loves and doves sported in the silken cordage.

I am also nearly certain that I saw the "Carshalton Sage" in a most obstinate engagement between a fleet of ships, commanding a little corsair, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion, but in the boldest spirit attacking the man-of-war, the frigate, or the corvette, firing a broadside (or sheet), then boarding by subtle arguments, or sheering off under cover of the smoke of the enemy.

But what is that coast to which so many thousands are directing their course? A secret whisper tells me that it is the coast of *Guineas*, which leads to a rich and fertile country. Foremost in the race was a crafty craft, with a lady-pilot at the rudder. I could trace most distinctly THE TRUE STORY on its dirty sail, and deeply cut in the stern (in regulation size)—SCANDAL. The course, steered alone by the shrewd pilot, needed not a compass, and ballast was despised and thrown overboard.

Her lighthouse was the glittering of the golden sands; her goal, a notice board stuck into a slimy, shifting, shingly shore; the reward, 250 guineas for a paying ——. Here the horizon became overcast, the "Voightländers" at once dim, as if from sympathy; and I involuntarily exclaimed—"Gracious Heavens! is this the only literary highway to gain?" At this ejaculation the slender thread which supported my chimerical importance, broke, and the kite, papered with my fantastic contemplations and airy dreams, dropped, not on the ground, but on the hearthrug. My fond hope that the essays would be seen by me at the "Old Bedford" (when I looked in for my modest half cup of Wrexham) spotted with the spillings of porter and coffee, or torn and sullied by frequent handling, like an old soldier battered in the service, and covered with honourable scars—was at once dispelled by the cleanliness of every copy. But I had no reason to regret the renouncement of my office when I discovered in a further reverie that my loose sheets had been prostituted to the vilest uses. They had been used by a slatternly wench to stick up a vulgar dip which leant like the Tower of Pisa; the printer had lodged them in a most unseemly place, the publisher's wife had converted a supernumerary half-sheet into a threadpaper, the pretty barmaid was seen to cut the newest pattern of a cuff from one of my finest flights (a dissertation on fashion), my bachelor friend "Roscius" defiled a blank margin with a filthy list of foul shirts and dirty stockings; the Dorset butter from neighbour Ewbank (a Richmond bird, who knew something of Dr. Syntax, of glorious memory), and the bullock's melt for my favourite white bull-terrier bitch Jessie with the brindle eye, came home covered alike with my choicest lucubrations. Sentiment be hanged, said I mentally; henceforth I will pander to the preponderance of vicious tastes, and my conscience shall be set, like a weather vane, to turn with the airy current of self-interest. A paper in defence of cards, dice, and races, and gaming in general, will at once admit me to "Arthur's," the "Portland," or to "White's" *upon the square—set me upon the turf*, and the next Newmarket meeting make my fortune at once. It is some consolation, however, to know that as politicians, wits, freethinkers, and divines may have their dust mingled in the same piece of ground, so may *their* works and *my* lucubrations be jumbled together in the lining of the same trunk or band-box, or paper the inside of that rustic house. Here our little time-keeper went—*ping*—"which raised us baith." That means myself and "Kite." So, Mr. Editor, I wish you a very good night!"

The Habitual Criminals' Bill—Bill Sikes.

That's hymn!—Prince Salm-Salm.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. S. (Birmingham).—Thanks for your good wishes. Our title may perhaps seem *un peu risqué* to the strictest sect of Pharisees, but we trust to prove that a "man about town" need not necessarily be either immoral or ungentlemanlike. You, and everybody else, may rely on our determination to make and keep our paper a paper for gentlemen—and ladies.

Old Scratch (Kirkcudbright).—Fiddle-de-dee! It was not the Itch colt that was named Scotchman's Pride. Ozone's dam was certainly Sulphur, but we do not see what that has to do with it.

Saucebox.—We cannot tell you anything about the Worcestershire Stakes in that year. Write to Messrs. Lea and Perrin.

Rodder.—Circular and flat, like—— Your own head will doubtless suggest a simile.

Aquila (City-road).—"Bravo Rous" was an expression first used at Newmarket on the occasion of the memorable dead heat between three for the Cesarewitch. It has ever since been retained on the establishment.

Croupier (Homburg).—(1) Mr. Sutton's colours are red and black. (2) The Rake, of course.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THERE are certain divisions of the year recognised only by sportsmen, which are, to my thinking, far more expressive than those sanctioned by the Almanac. For instance, there can be no doubt that the Craven Meeting at Newmarket is the proper and legitimate inauguration of spring. The crown and perfection of summer is Ascot. From the 1st of November, through the hunting season, is winter, as sanctioned by Sporting Act of Parliament; and all between the Leger and the Latchfords is autumn.

I *have* known the Town Moor, over which the Yorkshire breezes sweep so keenly, meet companion for "Caledonia, stern and wild," when the heaviest coat in England (which has been for some years in my possession) was not a silk lining too warm for the morning gallops, and when a blazing fire at the end of the day was no disagreeable accompaniment to making out one's account. It has also occurred to me while listening to Mr. Tattersall's fervid eloquence in the dusthole, to feel prostrated by the heat, and to have to slake my thirst at the limpid rill more than once during a protracted bidding. But Doncaster is in general the beginning of autumn: with the decision of the Don the Phantom Cottage colours are eclipsed for the year, and Sir Frederick Johnstone reigns triumphant.

The recent anniversary of the northern carnival was held, to use a new and chaste simile, in an atmosphere of tears and smiles. Damp and gloom certainly predominated until midday on Wednesday, when Nature, tired of being naughty, wiped her eyes, dried her tear-stained face, and broke out into a grin which was reflected on the whole face of the Moo . The spectacle from the top of the Stand five minutes before the start for a St. Leger is, perhaps, Epsom and Newcastle notwithstanding, the most remarkable sight known to racing men. To a mere *dilettante* pleasure-seeker, to whom Perrier Jouet, and the gentleman in the red coat with verdure clad are dearer than a punishing finish between the best three-year-olds of the year, the Downs will, of course, be uppermost; but to the lover of racing for racing's sake, the Moor is a hundredfold more interesting and impressive. Epsom's tremendous battlefield is encumbered with such a mass of suttlers, camp-followers, and baggage-wagons, that the real conflict suffers by comparison with the preparations for it; at Doncaster all are warriors, and think of nothing but the fight. The quaintly-clad haberdasher with a crown on the favourite, and the sporting clerk with horseshoe pin, are in a pleasing minority on a Yorkshire racecourse, where almost every man at the ropes could define thoroughpin, and give a fairly accurate opinion as to "soundness." The humours of a racecourse seem to such an observer, who regards false noses and Dutch dolls with something of the same indignation and contempt as the Puritans did graven images, the frivolous relaxations of an enervated southern people. He has no eye for Aunt Sally nor even her comely niece; he cares not to "try his strength," to essay rifle practice for gingerbread nuts, nor even to join in the invigorating pastime of knock-'em-downs. His heart is with the horses, every one of which he could describe, as they canter down the course; his soul is with the favourite—if a northerner—as he takes his place, the inside one, in front of Mr. McGeorge's flag. Every false start he feels as a personal injury; every indication of temper or excitement on the part of his beloved "cruack" is a real blow to his honest heart. He has no Voightländer, but he knows horses, colours, and every inch of the course; and I would rather take his version of the race than that of many a reporter I wot of. He knows who is making running, and why; where is the favourite, who heads the ruck, and what that is, is light blue, tailed off He notes the changes at the rifle butts, sees with delight that the southern crack is "soaping," marks that the big chesnut has been "interfered with," and shouts with ecstacy as he sees his beloved champion "pullin' dooble!" How he lives as the lot sweep past the Red House and turn into the straight, I know not; but he does, his vociferous comments accompanying their progress like a chorus. He may have a "coople" of white ones on the result, glasses round, or nothing at all. But his breathless interest in the whole thing is the same as if he had a book in elephant folio; and as his pet is seen coming up inside the distance (as he often is) with the race in hand, he very nearly goes out of his mind. When "Blear Ahthol" emerged from the cloud of rain and mist that awful day when General Peel received his second and decisive castigation, I saw a Tyke, outwardly and otherwise clothed and in his right mind, take off his hat (his only one, I am certain) and stamp it to fiddlestrings under his feet. Being naturally of a sympathising nature, and loving Yorkshiremen, I turned to my friend and hoped he had not had a bad time of it with "I'Anson's hoorse." "Na, na," he replied, "Ah've woon a pot; but that maks leetle deefrance. *Ah knowed t'owd mear.*" And the pot? The pot, I subsequently ascertained, was of old ale.

The horrible treatment of live stock, which has so long disgraced all concerned in its importation, has at length aroused the serious attention of humane society. I wish I could add of *the* Humane Society; but that useful though eccentric institution which can display such activity in smoothing the obstacles on a steeplechase course, has hitherto made no sign of its intention of dealing with the enormities of Rotterdam steamers. I recollect some years ago when proceeding to that platter-faced, gin-and-watery city, being so horrified at the treatment of a cargo of miserable beasts, whose reluctance to go mad and do their attendants a mischief was immensely to their credit, as to lodge an indignant protest with the captain, whom, in the blindness of my wrath, I threatened to hold responsible for the atrocities committed in his vessel. To do him justice, he met my outpourings with good humour and courtesy, and was, I feel sure, sincere in his expressions of regret that he was powerless to decrease the number or increase the accommodation of his miserable four-footed passengers. He went with me to look at them, and was almost as indignant at the spectacle as myself. The pleading, agonised look of an ill-treated ox is about as uncomfortable an appeal as I know, and we both were compelled to put in at Schiedam to get the taste out of our mouths. Now that the subject has been thoroughly ventilated, there is reason to hope that this gigantic evil will be remedied, and that Mr. Colam, as a preliminary step, may be induced to institute proceedings against any maltreaters of live stock on English ground. Miss Burdett Coutts, ever active in the cause of mercy, has written to the *Times* stating that she has been earnestly requested to assist in the formation of a Ladies' Humane Society on the plan of that established some years ago in Massachusetts. This institution, though, in some sort, Angell's work, would scarcely, I fear, be of much practical use in the prevention of cruelty, and so appears to think Miss Burdett Coutts also. I have far more faith in the broader and more philosophical course advocated by that lady, which has for its basis the systematic education of the people, male and female, adult and youthful, in the principles of humanity. If lectures on "Humanities" such as these were as numerous as the scholastic exercitations of that name, we should turn out better men and no worse scholars. Diabolical cruelty is as inherent in childhood as original sin, and needs special treatment by competent hands. There is no knowing how many miniature Neros and Domitians might not be nipped in the bud by early and salutary instruction of the kind advocated by Miss Burdett Coutts.

London noises by night have recently formed the subject of indignant remonstrance and tearful complaint; the public journals permitting correspondence at this time of the year to be served up "either way." It is no doubt an aggravating thing for a late student to be serenaded by a party of gay youth fresh from the nearest music hall, while it is a real and serious calamity if the rest of an invalid should be disturbed by midnight brawlers or wrangling cabmen. But I cannot help expressing my conviction, founded on a pretty wide experience, that London, except in one or two well-known neighbourhoods, which need only be known to be avoided, is a singularly quiet city at night. Medical students of the Bob Sawyer stamp have grown out of their once cherished belief that knocker-wrenching and bell-ringing are engaging flights of humour. Harmonious wassailers who escape Vine-street generally go home in cabs, and, at all events, seldom go to the length of serenading a tax-payer on his own doorstep. Perhaps the worst night noises known to London residents consists in the early wagons and carts *en route* for the railways and markets. But even these, except in certain territories, are rare annoyances, and pale before the noises of the morning, an evil a thousand times more real, more gigantic, and more hideous than its supposed forerunner. By the morning I would be understood to mean that portion of time which is to a late retirer just the most important part of his rest, the golden hours from eight to ten. This interval, corresponding with the twelve to two of the good citizen, is the "beauty sleep" of the West-end; and it is precisely that blessed period which the ruffian itinerant traders specially seek to destroy. Some localities are, of course, nearly free from these pestilent and untimely merchants; but some, more especially those affected by bachelors, and in the vicinity of "a poor neighbourhood," are shouted and howled nearly out of their nightcaps by these vagabonds—I use the term in no invidious sense—but unto whom I should like to do even as Sir Joseph Hawley did unto the refractory son of Musjid and Vaga. Being roused the other morning by the earliest and soundest-lunged of th fraternity, I determined to keep awake and record, *pour encourager les autres locataires*, what met my listening ear, "with," as Commissioner Fonblanque used to say, "dates

and plenty of them." 8.0 a.m. (a period, it may be remarked, when the golden visions of the evening are beginning to fade into the grey realities of morning)—At this witching hour two persons, costermongers in garb, malignant demons in spirit, commence quartering my street, like pointers, accompanying their labours with the following cries, of the meaning of which I am in entire ignorance, "Hoi, hoi, hoi! Three bundles for sixpence. Hoi, hoi, hoi!" (*ad lib.*). 8.15—Six maidens, clad in sea-weed, at intervals, bearing the refreshing watercress, upon the merits of which they descant in soprano dirges. 8.30—An old woman with a lachrymose inquiry of "Any arnama for yer fahstah?" the interpretation of which I leave to the initiated. 9.0—The first organ; a truncated man with chairs to mend; and "Dust Ho—el." 9.15—The Piffe-rari; a lame Highlander with his pipe; several cats flirting, and "others"—an interesting lot. 9.30—Several flower carts; millions of ropes of onions, and a Bengalee with a tom-tom. 10.0—An athletic man in blue baize wheeling a barrow of fish, which he advertises separately, with startling vehemence; more organs; a German band; old clo'; confusion; despair; madness; and escape down the side of bed into tub. Tubleau.

I mentioned last week that I had received the most alluring accounts of the brilliancy of the season enjoyed by foreign watering places. The foreign watering place is, I may pause to state, the result of the fortuitous concurrence of a Board of Green Cloth, a mineral spring, and a withered old woman with a long stick and a tumbler. This week I have been in correspondence with some Home Secretaries, and the result is almost equally cheering. With respect to the English W. P.—a title only to be accorded to spots possessing a library, a spa (whatever that may mean), and a brass band,—from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Thanet, from Sheerness to Scarborough, from Guernsey to Gravesend, I hear of nothing but high jinks at the flood, at the ebb, and at the neap. Everybody is bathing, and drinking, and flirting, and going in for general hydropathic treatment all round the coast, and occasionally inland. Cheltenham and Bath do little in the warm flat-iron way in these days; but the former is always sure of a house; and even the stately, windy, watery, scandalous, liverless resort of half-pay Generals from Allahabad, is doing pretty well in Milsom Street and Paragon Buildings.

A friend of mine, aged eight, now engaged in constructing fortifications on Vauban's first system on Ramsgate sands writes me word in Great Pica that that home of shrimps is "awfully jolly." Miss Poodlefaker, of Manchester, informs me that Scarborough is charming, though far from select, only needing the elimination of Huddersfield visitors to be a terrestrial paradise. A huntingman from Brighton, thirsting for a spoonful of mock turtle with the harriers, complains bitterly of "disgustingly fine weather," and of the blessed sunshine which has made bad going for his mare. Cromer, I am credibly informed, is duller than ever; but as I believe that to be physically impossible, I reject the information, as I do that touching Worthing and Weston, the sole characteristics of which are, to an unprejudiced mind, seaweed, stagnation, and suicide. As for the air on Margate Pier, it is agreed, on all lungs, that it is a peerless air; and who loves not the walks at Ryde? I believe the only spot coming, by virtue of its inky spring, (dare I say, *Ink illæ lacrymæ?*) within the denomination of watering places, of which I have no *renseignements*, is Tunbridge Wells. I have not been to that favoured spot for twenty years, when I walked on the Pantiles, listened to an orchestra of four, perched in a green pew over the promenade, and made pilgrimages on a white ass, with my nurse, in search of a fabled gem called the Tunbridge diamond. There were two good things there—the ware, which is pretty, useless, decorative stuff; and a certain biscuit, which was beyond praise. But those were the halcyon days of shoes with straps to them; and who would not see things at the rosiest from the back of a white ass?

London Lyrics.

No. II.

A WAITER'S COMPLAINT.

I'M white,—leastways, when cleaned I am,—
And have a gen-teel figger,
But barring that, I might as well
Be any foreign nigger.

The way I'm drove and knocked about
It couldn't be severer
Were Bloggs's dining-rooms in Rome,
And Bloggs a second Nerer.

I clean the plate, and rinse the glass,
And mix the wines, and holler
Until I'm hoarse, of beef an' 'am,
And chops and steaks to foller.

I'm told I've no perfession,
But I think it *is* a *callin'*,
When five and twenty year, come March,
I've always been a bawlin' :—

"Cook! chop and kidney; ash calve's 'ed;
More gravy, number seven;
Stoo'ed steak for one; a pint o'mild;
And five and four's eleven.

"Noo bread in three; more fat for eight;
Two gins; plum-tart and custard;
With Ingia pickle, cucumber;
Welsh rabbit, and the mustard."

I'm far from strong; my appetite
Is like my wages, weakly,
But I'm to bear the smell of pork
And rancid sassage meekly.

It's thirsty work, too, rinsing glass;
And when you're dry and waitin',
To call up sperrits not your own
Is werry aggravatin'.

I'm hungry now and then, of course,
And sometimes could be tempted
To eat a bit of something nice,
Just while a glass was empted,

Yet while eatin's going on like steam,
And gin like water flowin',
No matter what *my* feelin's is,
I still must keep agoin' :

"Cook! where's that steak? Bile pork and greens;
A weal an' 'am instanter;
Pea, gravy, oxtail, real, mock;
And wipe this 'ere decanter.

"Take money, four; roast ornch in cut,
Nice line; bile leg and caper;
A college; cheese and salary;
'Ot rum, and hevenin' paper."

It may be weak to own myself—
But waiters are but human—
Exclusive of my dooties here,
Enslaved as well to woman.

The lady at the bar, whom Bloggs
Once hoped to hearn as his'n,
With captivatin' art has put
My captive 'art in pris'n.

I hurged my soot the other night,
When things was slack, with ardour,
And said such moving things, the j'ints
All trembled in the larder.

But when she'd done her addin' up
All that she deigned to hutter,
Was, "Ash calve's 'ed," (addressing *me*),
And "Stop that melted butter."

"Cook! nice chump chop (what's chumps to me?);
A 'arf of ale and porter;—
Take cheese or butter? Thank you, sir,
Though I'm sure I didn't orter.

"A Hirish stoo and Brussels sprouts;
French beans and German sassage:—
That old Jamaica rum ain't paid,
And 's 'arf way down the passage."

Them words went through my 'art like knives,
Much better set than ours,
And gin-and-water on the brain
Come on and raged for hours.

Though swelled with grief and stimilus,
My strength I fail to pick up,
And Dr. Jones attends me still
For lowness and for hiccup.

With moistened eye I haunt the bar
Where *she* was wont to sit,
Where oft, transfixed by Mem'ry's darts,
I have a kind of fit,

Which causes me to roll my eye,
And grow confused and haggard,
Affects my parts of speech, and makes
Me walk as though I staggered.

"Cook! make-no-erra—what-ze-odds—
If what's-'s-name's—bereft-us?
There ain't—no call—to whine—s'long—
As—"O-be-joyful's"—left-us.

"If any—genelm'n's—in love—
Or feels hisself—well, shaky—
I'll go that pusson—Tommy Dodd—
For four of old Jamaiky."

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THERE can be no doubt that in burlesque the English playgoer has found the dramatic entertainment which is most after his own heart. He may be diverted from his allegiance for a time by an exceptionally breathless drama, or a farce which tickles the town under a new rib; but he speedily returns to his old love, and leaves off with a closer attachment for Mr. Burnand than for Mr. Boucicault. Without costly "revival," we know what kind of treatment Shakespeare is wont to experience. Even the drama of the period requires the adventitious aids of clever writing, picturesque scenery, and "novel and ingenious" stage effects. But burlesque we appear to accept just as it is. We prefer, probably, a piece of this description, when it is well written and well acted; but neither the dreariest puns nor the coarsest fooling can chill us into indifference. Next to a good burlesque, we seem to love a bad one. That the national predilection for pieces of the character of Black-Eyed Susan (the Second) is a proof of the degraded nature of public taste in things dramatic, we would not take upon ourselves to say. A piece of good-humoured extravagance, bright and telling, yet free from vulgarity, such as Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Burnand have written for us, is a seasonable relief from the heavier diet provided for us in the stalls, and when coupled with picturesque scenery and dresses, is a very pretty and enjoyable diversion. But extravagance that is all extravagance, folly that is unalloyed folly, burlesque which burlesques nothing but good taste and good sense is not very healthy food; and when we see the public taking to it with appetite, we *do* tremble a little for its digestion. *Linda di Chamouni*, just produced with all the taste and liberality which invariably characterise the Gaiety, is so overwhelmingly stupid, so unutterably dull, and in such inconceivably bad taste, that we know not which excites our wonderment most—the author who wrote it, the manager who accepted it, or the public who go to see it. That the resources of costumier, machinist, and scene-painter should have been wasted on such a deplorable dummy as *Linda* is a sad and convincing proof of the paramount importance attached to the *husk* of a new piece. Miss Farren, Miss Loseby, and Messrs. Eldred and Robins were cruelly wronged in having to deliver themselves of the trash put into their mouths, but performed the sacrifice nobly.

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

NOW that all the world are out of town and dullness reigns supreme, we are promised another "demonstration" in Trafalgar square. The "finest site in Europe" is again to be occupied by a large body of singularly patriotic individuals out of work. On this occasion it would seem that the release of certain Irish martyrs is to be the pretext for bringing a few shrewd and needy persons to the fore. The advance of civili-

sation has not been more shown in any way than in the multiplication of trades. Indeed, without this—without Railways, Telegraphs, &c., &c.—what would have become of the surplus population? But a trade which has been greatly developed of late by the course of Politics is that of the Working Man's delegate. There are a large number of gentlemen who appear to find that labour, although very good in its way, is not to be compared with the position of one who is paid for doing nothing. To see the world, to disseminate truly cosmopolitan principles, and this, on behalf of the oppressed "sons of toil," is undoubtedly a noble mission. Still better is it to live like a bagman at the expense of the poor idiots who subscribe and do the work. If we remember rightly, the "unrepresented millions" of our fellow citizens, gave the excuse for the last exhibition in this unfortunate place; but that was nothing at all in comparison with the crying and monstrous injustice of confining a few Irish criminals in quarters which are probably far better than they are accustomed to at home. There is something to admire in a combat, or a struggle, when some danger is involved; even a duel with real swords or loaded pistols shows pluck, however mistaken or misguided. But an Irish patriot of the modern times, whose sole object is to keep out of danger, and who unquestionably, if he must fight at all, prefers to fight with blank cartridge or stage swords, is about the most contemptible creature breathing. For such as these, we are told, there is to be a demonstration, and a dignified demand made upon the Government for their release. We should like to know who has the getting up of the affair, should it really come off. That it should even be in contemplation would be gross insult to any Goverment but the present. There really seems to be no depth to which they will not descend to obtain support, and the present proposition shows the idea the dregs have formed, of their capacity for government. Some day we almost expect to see Mr. John Bright heading one of these processions on a piebald horse from Astley's, and "our William" as a guardian angel following on the shoulders of the working classes. A keen sense of the ridiculous has hitherto kept Mr. John Bright assisting at these magnificent displays, but as he likes quiet colours, perhaps one of Shillibeer's "composites" might reconcile him. This, however, is not a question to be treated very seriously—it is a mere question of police. It is not to be tolerated that while the itinerant vendors of fruit in a more or less advanced stage of decomposition, are required to move on, and not obstruct the public thoroughfares, any body on the political truck system may block up the streets without interference. What would be said to an agent of ours vending copies of the *Man about Town* on the steps of the Nelson Monument, or an old apple woman advertising her wares between the knees of the redoubtable Napier? In either case it would be in the alternative—Scotland-yard, or "Move on." A boy in the street is not permitted to stand for an undue period contemplating a fallen cab-horse. Other gentlemen there are, purveyors of infallible corn solvents, and who, in order that there may be no deception, exhibit the said corns by hundreds in a pickle bottle; but none of these are allowed any quarter whatsoever. Perhaps the cab-horse was once a thoroughbred on the turf, and therefore not to be sympathised with in these low level days. But corns—what of corns? They are usually considered as rather plebeian than otherwise, and, therefore, might expect to obtain a hearing. But, no; there is nothing political about them. The man with his infallible remedy, —humbug as he is, and likely as he is to do more good for his species than all the Lucrafts and Odgers born or to be born—is not a political humbug. The streets are not for him; he must move on like other men to all eternity, for he ha not discovered how to stop up the highway with impunity on political grounds. We have seen a devotee who broke raw potatoes on his forehead for a very small sum indeed; this man mus have been stronger in the head than is even Beales, M.A., and no doubt deserved well of his country; but he was not suffered to impede the gangway. This Anglo-Hibernican ruffianism must be put down like any other nuisance; such a thing would not be tolerated in any other capital in the world, and the bare possibility of it is a shame and a scandal.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

THE Two Thousand and Derby winner has not only been well beaten at Doncaster, but, like Ellington—a horse trained in the same stable, and also a Derby winner—disgraced. I can well imagine the feelings of any Londoner who received a copy of the tissue from the course, on finding Pretender's name was not in the first three; but acute and bitter as those feelings must have been, they were not equal in intensity to mine at seeing him so shamefully beaten. He was never in the race, and I cannot believe his running to be true. To be defeated by Martyrdom—a horse he made lie down at Newmarket and Epsom—shows something must have been wrong with him, and I, therefore, place implicit faith in the report I heard at Doncaster that until Thorwaldsen went wrong the stable intended a *coup* with him, and therefore, Pretender had not the preparation he otherwise would have had. However, whatever the cause may have been, I feel convinced Pretender at Doncaster was not the horse he was at Epsom, and although he may run nowhere in the Doncaster Stakes or Cup, whichever race he may run for, I still believe he will yet prove himself the good horse his Newmarket and Epsom performances entitle him to be considered. I see no reason to congratulate Sir Joseph Hawley on the result, although I have no doubt the report that he "had no money on" was as false as the statement that the horse had been "tried not to stay." Pero Gomez won very easily indeed at the last, and Martyrdom was completely beaten in the last twenty yards. Pretender would have been third had not French pulled George Osbaldeston right across him; but even that solace is a very poor one to one who expected to see him win hands down. The Drummer turned out the moderate handicap horse I always maintained him to be, and The Duke of Beaufort was about half trained. Mr. Brayley makes sad mistakes with his Derby and St. Leger horses, and it was impossible to believe what I know to be a fact that he backed The Duke of Beaufort to win him an immense stake. Like his Derby beauty, Tom Fool, he was never in the hunt, but "The Fool" was trained and fit to run, whilst "The Duke" was neither the one nor the other. For the first time, I believe, the second at Epsom has defeated the Derby winner at Doncaster—certainly the first time for the last twenty-three years. Last week I was made to say the second at Epsom had never been successful at Doncaster—a palpable falsehood, as a kind friend wrote me word; but what I *did* write was not what appeared in print, and it was to the effect that no second at Epsom had been victorious over his Derby conqueror at Doncaster, and I believe that to be a fact. Two or three statements of mine were verified to the letter, viz: that The Drummer was not in the race, that Martyrdom was sure to beat him, and that Pero Gomez would turn the tables on his Ascot conqueror.

It was also my good fortune to give the absolute winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap at the remunerative price of 14 to 1, and I was the only sporting writer who went for him ALONE. Sunshine also did me good service in the Champagne Stakes; and altogether out of the three events I ventured an opinion on, I was successful in two, and in the third any one who took my advice could have stood to win without losing a shilling.

Doncaster was more crowded than I have ever seen it before, and the cheering after the St. Leger, strange to say, more enthusiastic even than when John Scott won it with Gamester or the Marquis.

I hope Admiral Rous is satisfied with the result of his two Autumn Handicaps. Two worse ones were never made, and the fact of 94 out of 155 declining for the Cesarewitch, and 77 out of 184 for the Cambridgeshire calls loudly for the appointment of a public handicapper. To mention but two instances, I should like to know the principle that guided the Admiral in awarding 3st. to Uncas for the Cambridgeshire, and 6st. 2lb. only to Royal Head.

I should also much like to be informed how it was certain parties were in possession of the weights for all the horses that had been publicly backed exactly a week before they appeared in the Calendar, and that these "parties" not only succeeded in getting on those that were well in, and laying against those that were handicapped out of them, but also won large sums by betting on the weights certain horses would carry, having the information all the time in their books. It was too bad. Who is the culprit? Such a disgraceful piece of work ought to be fathered on some one; but depend upon it we shall hear no more about it. The authorities will never take the matter up. I regret to say there is no nobleman or gentleman on the turf now independent enough to do so, and even the Sporting Press, that bulwark of British liberty, is as silent on this subject as a drum with a hole in it. One may well sigh for the good old times of fifty years ago. Such things would never have taken place then without some one wanting and insisting on knowing the reason why.

In the Cesarewitch I incline to the chances of See-Saw, Fairwind, Vacuum, and John Davis, and I believe they will one and all see good hedging, and one of them win. Royal Head will probably be reserved for the Cambridgeshire; he will either win that race or be milked for it, so backers had better be on their guard.

NOMENCLATURE.

THE following names have *not* been given:—

ch. c. by Thormanby out of Cachuca	*Merrylegs.*
b. f. by Caterer out of Queen of the Gipsies. . . .	*Pic-nic.*
b. c. by King Tom out of Flax.	*King Cotton.*
ch. c. by Defender out of Lady Superior	*Mr. Hawkins, Q.C.*
c. by Wingrave out of Lancet's Dam	*The Surgeon.*
b. f. by Carnival out of Barège.	*Ball-dress.*
b. c. by Victorious out of Patience.	*The Tortoise.*
ch. c. by Caterer out of Sister to Donna del Lago . .	*Fishmonger.*
br. c. by Adventurer out of Gondola	*Columbus.*
br. c. by General Peel out of Maid of Masham . .	*Brown Potato.*

IN THE ARENA.

THE Amateur Athletic element has now become quite a power in the land. At public schools and universities, as well as "about town," it is most prominent, and there is scarcely a cricket or football club, and not even a country village that does not add its quota to the list of athletic fixtures. In short, there is a world in which athetics reign supreme. Like the "opera" and "oysters," this world has its "season," and during this season, which is fast approaching, "The Man about Town," in his peregrinations, will hear abundant allusions to "Lillie Bridge," Beaufort House, Oxford and Cambridge Sports, and Handicaps.

The purpose of our paper would be, therefore, incomplete without some reference to Amateur Athletics. The remarks in these columns will, however, consist of no elaborate or exhaustive defence of the "muscular Christianity" doctrine, but will be of a mere cursory nature, and simply indicate a few matters as yet unexpressed in print, about which our opinion coincides with that of the leading amateurs of the day, and of which our readers can form their own conclusions.

Dispensing, then, with the usual lengthy preamble on the moral and physical advantages of these exercises, with the oft-repeated *mens sana in corpore sano* argument, as being now beyond dispute, we shall plunge *in medias res*, and at once proceed.

A non-athletic man's introduction into the minutiæ of the athletic world is a trying period for him, more especially if veneration for ancient usages forms a salient feature in his composition. It witnesses the total demolition of his preconcerted notions of training—the early rising, raw meat, unreasonable exercise in several suits of

flannels, and the various *et ceteras* associated with training by our forefathers, all having given place to a more rational, pleasant, and almost luxuriant (by comparison) mode of preparation. We can almost fancy an "ancient athlete" turning in his grave at the very idea of strength and stamina being fully developed by our modern mode of training, and turning over again in sheer disgust, if he could but know how much a second-class athlete of the present day sneers at first-class performers of the past. It cannot but be admitted that our first-class athletes of the present day are infinitely superior to those of the past, and that this superiority is due more to the change in the style of training than to any other source. To this new mode of training may be chiefly attributed the great increase and improvement, during the last few years, in the ranks of our amateur athletes. We do not affirm that every aspirant to pedestrians' honours is first-class—far from it; there are many who start in races with no possible prospect of getting to the front, but who seem highly pleased at having got in the way of others, and being exhibited in a "pretty dress." But in the following selection of the first-class amateurs of the past few years, we feel confident that there is not the name of one mentioned, who at his respective distance is not immensely superior to any of the amateur champions of a quarter of a century ago. We have no intention of being invidious, and although we may possibly have omitted names entitled to appear, we feel confident at not having included any who have not on more than one occasion fully vindicated their claims to be considered first-class amateurs:—At a mile and upwards—Lord Jersey, Messrs. Bowman, Chinnery, Garnett, Gibbs, Laing, Lawes, Long, Morgan, Royds, Scott, and Webster. At half and quarter mile distances—Messrs. Colbeck, Digby, Frere, Guy Pym, Hogarth, Ridley, Somers Smith, and Thornton; while for "sprinting"—Messrs. Bauchope, Collett, Emery, McLaren, Prest, M. Tennant, E. J. Tennant, and Wilson. About walking we speak with more diffidence, as a general opinion is getting abroad that fair "toe and heel" is at a discount, and that judicious "mixing" in this department of sport is on the increase. Messrs. Chambers, Farnworth, Griffith, McKerrel, Nunn, Rye, and Williams have been credited with the best times; but we must say that the mode of progression adopted by all of these, except Messrs. Nunn, Williams, and McKerrel, has justly been the subject of frequent comment.

The Amateur Athletic Club and the Universities have done much to promote a "healthy tone" of amateur athletics, and fully deserve all the patronage they receive. Their efforts have, however, we are sorry to observe, been considerably counterbalanced by the formation of several so-called "Amateur Athletic Clubs." These hybrid institutions, which are not to be found at our Universities or public schools, do not hold meetings of their own, or in any way attempt to promote the well-being of Athletics, but are formed with the sole purpose of enabling certain individuals, by virtue of membership, to run in the "open" races of the legitimate clubs, or take part in local meetings got up by an enterprising committee of publicans (as was recently the case on one of our crack country cricket grounds) for their special, though unacknowledged, pecuniary benefit. These are "eye-sores" which we would recommend to the attention of amateur athletic and other leading clubs, so that their open handicaps may not be polluted with the "roping" tactics of certain metropolitan cliques. This task we are aware will prove no sinecure, as we find, in a recent number of a contemporary devoted to outdoor and *Field* sports, their reporter (a member of the two leading London clubs) in *his* account of a purely amateur meeting, freely using such expressions as the "pot boiling over," "backers losing their money," &c.; which, however adapted to professional races, are totally unwarranted and uncalled for among amateurs.

We do not wish to give our readers the idea that the class so described predominate among the competitors at our amateur meetings—as, in fact, they are only a small percentage, which we trust, through the agencies above referred to and help of the press in general, will become "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," until they are entirely extinct.

A DAY WITH THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.

"WONDERFULLY early for hare hunting!" I fancy some crusty old gentleman (who habitually grumbles at any sport or pleasure in which he cannot participate) will exclaim on reading the heading of this article. Quite so; but the earlier you begin a good work the better, and (dare I hint it?) Brighton, queen of watering-places though she be, does become a little, only a very little, dull when left entirely to her own resources. Fellows who can fly from place to place as the whim takes them, and supplement the moors with Baden-Baden, their tables with Doncaster, and so forth, will, of course, turn up their noses at the whole thing, and wonder how any man can go out with harriers at all. So should I, provided I had a dozen good horses in the shires, and The Gown, Tailby, Pytchley, Atherstone, *cum multis aliis*, were in full swing. But I have not, and, being at Rome, I must do as Romans do, or, in other words, make the most of Brighton, so long as Fate wills I should stay there. I am not much given to sailing; for a time I enjoy the thing immensely, but just as I have got a line or two of Byron (imperfectly) ready to quote to my fair companion—I never go alone—I, as a rule, become unwell. Sitting under a boat on the beach is not bad fun, but since my friend Fitzfoyle has put in an appearance, Em—I mean my cousin—declares she does not care for the beach,—in fact, it gives her cold sitting about at this late period of the year. Under these circumstances, can you doubt that I find it dull? The last day or two has certainly been different, when, for the moderate charge of "tuppence," you could on the pier gladden your eyes with more "leg" fascination than even the Alhambra itself could display. "How is it," inquired I, while it was blowing a regular gale on Monday, of a stall-keeper on the old pier, "that all the girls have such neat ankles and legs?" "Why, you see, Sir, the gouty ones don't show this weather," remarked he, and the riddle was solved. I had been on the Downs that morning, and seen corn-ricks stripped during the afternoon. The scenes on the pier were not altogether dissimilar, only the latter were much more interesting. Gales, however, must at length subside, and even neat boots, viewed from a distance, pale in time, and then you have only the ride on the Parade, which, to me, is not a thing of beauty, and by no means a joy for ever. I advise any of my readers who may be so situated (and I daresay many of them will be so, sooner or later) to find out where the Brighton harriers meet; then go to Evans in James-street, and tell him exactly the style of horse they want, and betake themselves to rest, with the full assurance (weather permitting) of some fun on the morrow. They must not as yet expect either a large or fashionable meet; neither will they, unless more blessed than I was, see those marvellously pretty faces and bad seats that, later in the season, are so prevalent in the riding-master contingent of the field. Perhaps their sport will be none the worse, however. Even a fine sea becomes tiresome after looking at nothing else for two days; consequently, on Tuesday last I was by no means sorry to find the wind in a minority, and a nice drizzling rain falling, with the air a little warm than otherwise—in fact, just such a day as would lead you to expect a scent. When the man came to know if I was still inclined to hunt or would counter-order the horse on account of the weather, I gave him a decided "Yes," and hoped it would clear a little as the day wore on. Of course he agreed with me—these fellows always do. We were both right: it did clear, but that was as I came home. This is anticipating, however. Mounting an old-fashioned, short-legged hunter—no beauty, certainly, but quite as good as he looked,—I trotted out on the London-road, and when nearing what I supposed to be my destination, overtook another man bent on the same errand. "We shall find the hounds over the hill," said he; but, at the moment, a horseman appeared on the sky-line going a cracker, and I answered—"They are running."

Away we both went, anxious to lose none of the fun. As we got on the hills, the day wore a very different aspect, and the mist was so dense that to see twenty yards before us was a work of difficulty; still, by dint of much galloping, we kept our leader in view, though the pace was strong, and he went as if he saw the hounds running hard, or mistook us for bailiffs. At length he pulled up, when we fairly ran into him, and finding he was only riding on spec like ourselves, had a good laugh at the joke. "You should have had it a little hotter, and gone another mile or two," said he, "if I had known you were hunting me." A plough team that loomed up through the mist now proved a godsend, and put us on the right track; when, running over the brow of a hill, we emerged from the fog soon enough to see the pack making a beautiful, though unavailing, cast under a small cover. Peter, the huntsman, who is popularly supposed to answer to no other cognomen, on a rare snaffle bridle bay with plenty of breeding, and a back and loins just calculated to take him up and down the hills, was with them, while the master looked on from the back of a coarsish gray. A cast back into the cover was more successful, and they brought the line out on to the down, not with a merry chine, but one, and then another, opening in single notes. Here I had a lesson as to how careful strangers should be in interfering, or volunteering an opinion anent hounds in their work. Just previously I had seen a rabbit run the very line the hounds came out on, and for the moment felt inclined to shout, "'Ware rabbit." The old adage of a still tongue, however, was remembered soon enough to save my making a fool of myself, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the pack pick outthe line across a field or two, much farther than any rabbit would have run. They seemed to work well, and are fairly good-looking, not very matching, as, unless I am mistaken, some are dwarf fox hounds and others regular blue mottled harriers. One of the latter I heard throwing her tongue when a good three hundred yards behind the pack, with as much satisfaction as though she had been leading, and afterwards once or twice she either owned a far colder scent than any of the rest, or made one for herself. From the little notice the huntsman took of what she said, I expect the latter to have been the case. A few fields sufficed to lose us our hare, when I heard that they had a pretty seventeen minutes with her before our arrival. In such a fog, however, those who were present could have seen little of it, and being far wetter was the only advantage they had over us. Another hare was unfortunately "chopped" through, and gave a rare chance of blooding the puppies, and then the order was given to trot away towards Brighton on the lower ground for the next draw, where the mist, which was just becoming driving rain, was not so thick.

Here we tried some rape, and, strange to say, a piece of standing wheat. This, as it was very thin, must, I expect, have been left to hold birds, and capital cover it makes. No hare rewarded our trouble, however. A hurdle on a bank, not a very desperate affair, here afforded the field a little amusement, and some two or three got over scientifically and well, then another flight of hurdles presented themselves, and we had yet more fun. Be it known that these sheep hurdles, which are low, made of timber, and stuck into the ground without stakes, are a great boon to the mighty hunter on the Downs, being the only obstacle over which he has a chance to display his prowess. They are made the most of accordingly, the knowledge that no danger attends the effort conducing much thereto. Nor are they so high or so stiff as the wattled hurdles, set up with stakes in many countries. To say that all displayed themselves to advantage would, perhaps, be going beyond the truth, and a young gentleman in a white mackintosh must have sorely repented him of having essayed the dangerous practice of wishing his horse to take a road he had no mind to. In fact, he and his steed differed as to the necessity for jumping at all, and, so far as I saw, the steed, like Balaam's ass, had the best of it, as he deserved to do, for he was undoubtedly right.

We then tried some potatos, very carelessly, as the greater portion was left undrawn; and used a piece of clover heads very little better. The latter was full of birds—old ones, I fancy—packed thus early; at any rate, they were rising around us in all directions. To return, we had now been

trailing about a long time, and were both wet and cold, when Peter trotted up to Mr. Strut and said, "We shall be sure to find over in the other valley." "Go there," was the rejoinder, "but send the boy to stop them at the park wall." These arrangements made, we entered a piece of rape on a side hill, and the first turn saw her away.

Through the horsemen and out on the down she went, setting her head straight for a most respectable hill, which quite took the conceit out of all who were on the low ground when they started. I unfortunately was in the latter class, and had the satisfaction of seeing the hounds streaming away above me (with a gradualyl lengthening tail, be it remarked) and more favoured riders making something of a fight after them. But when the top was reached mist and undulations of the ground had completely shut them from view. Here was a case, after a long draw to find a good hare, and then be run right away from and lost in the first ten minutes. I fear I was rather uncanonical in my language, but could do nothing, so had to accept the situation with the best grace I could—standing on a hill, something like "Impatience on a monument." There came unto me the boy who had been told off for outpost duty. His quick eye soon discerned them through the mist away on the next hill. They had doubled back, and I had been riding quite away from them. They must also have gone near him as he watched by the park wall without his ever knowing it. Once certain of their line, away we went, and now, having the advantage of being down wind, have their musical notes to guide us. Still, there is terrible leaway to make up, but, thank goodness, as we view them from the crown of one hill ascending the next, head and tail have got together, proving that the pace is somewhat slackened. But where are the horsemen—those who started with them? Coming, and some of them decidedly by the slow train; only about one or two are holding anything like a place. The hare seems going as straight as a bird, and as my horse labours and sobs up hill after hill, I fully realise that a stern chase is a long chase, and anxiously hope for a check or turn to let me in once more. At length it comes, and making in where she circles round, I get on terms with them at the first check. Time, so far, twenty minutes. They are hardly an instant off her line, and pick it out very nicely down an oat stubble, when, as they rather overshoot the mark by a flock of sheep at the bottom, she jumps up behind them in full view of the field. A scream from Peter gets them again on her line, and now they race in earnest up a valley, while we take the hill side above them, hoping she may not cross. The pace is terrific, and even the best mounted are using the persuaders. Alas! they waver an instant, the next fling across the valley and up the opposite hill side. We are in for it now, and rattle down as though such a thing as falling was unkown in the equine world, the impetus taking us half way up the other side; then flinging ourselves off, and running by the horses, scramble to the top as best we may. Very silly running up a steep hill, is it not? especially if you are stout and verging on the sere and yellow leaf. There is no help for it, however, if you mean to see the end. There! we are safe at last, with the pack running for their hare, and any amount of level turf before us; so with a shake worthy of Bill Scott, we rouse up our nags, sit down in the saddle, and determine to do or die. They do go now without any mistake, and the leaders are a distance and a-half before the veterans of the pack, the hare compounding at every stride. Once she is amongst them, but a turn to the right throwing the leader again gives her rope, and the cover is well within view; she can never reach it, though, and one more turn from the foremost hounds sends her into the jaws of the second division. Whoowhoop! it's all over, and the nags, at any rate, are glad of it. Seventeen minutes from the time she turned at the sheep, racing pace, and every yard of it over turf. One dip, it is true, and that one a caution, but for the rest it was like riding across "the flat" or up the Bunbury mile. I very much doubt if I shall see a quicker thing this season, and, heresy though it be, perhaps, to say it, I would any time sooner have a gallop over these downs than be sitting about deep woodlands cub hunting.

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Increasing that Fund from £81,840 to..	110,153

IN THE

FIRE BRANCH,

That the Premiums for 1868, after deducting re-insurances, amounted to **£122,129**, being an increase of **£18,141** on the net income of 1867.

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Printed by JOHN MOORE, of 4A, Exeter Street, Strand; and Published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock Stree t Covent Garden, London, W.C.—September 18, 1869.